

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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Zelensky  
Boccaccio  
Kodaly  
Blue  
Northmead  
Juliesse  
Traveler 3326  
Caldwell  
Mesmeriser

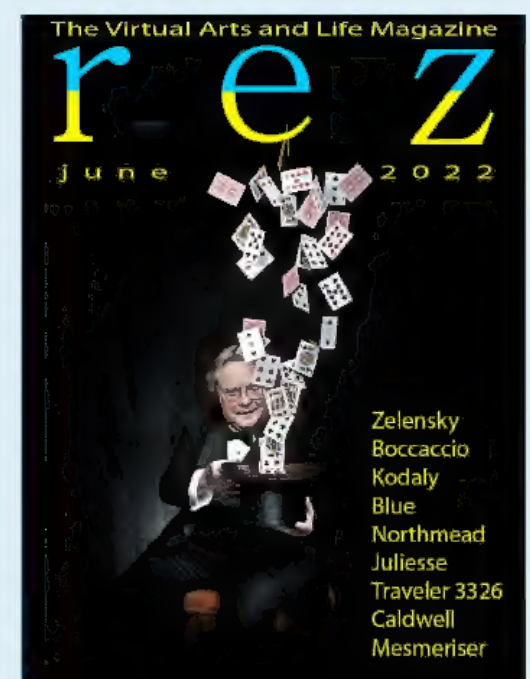


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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **Family Field Day** Jullianna Juliesse shares a powerful, timely poem exploring our fears of (and fascination with) guns.
- **A Puppet's Tail (Part Eight) "Off With Her Head!"** Annie Mesmeriser finishes up her hilarious memoir of puppetry.
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**About the Cover:** The puppet master himself performing his magic act. Annie Mesmeriser's "A Puppet's Tail" draws to a close this month with her eighth installment, "Off With Her Head!" wherein she concludes her hilarious tale of puppetry.



**“In theory there is no  
difference between theory  
and practice. In practice  
there is.”**

**Yogi Berra**



# Was

By Volo

*Was*

A simple verb

Merely a part of speech used in everyday life

But it's not that simple for us

Because now the everyday Ukrainians simply cannot  
say "was" without bursting into tears

This was my home

This was my friend

This was my dog

This was my car

This was my job

And this was my father

And this was my daughter

The millions and millions of fresh wounds are bleeding  
with that "was"

Russia has drowned Ukraine in tears and blood and  
children's corpses

But there is one thing Russia doesn't get

"Was" is the word that describes its life

and we Ukrainians already know what will come next

# Volodymyr Zelensky

*We will win*

and there will be new houses

there will be new cities

there will be new dreams

there will be a new story

there will be

there's no doubt

and those we've lost

will be remembered

and we will sing again

and we will celebrate anew

Yes

Ukraine was beautiful

but now it will become great

Great Ukraine

*Contributed by Elysienne*







# Remember Damage

## Traveler 3326





**P**repare yourself. Remember Damage needs a special setting. No distractions for 30 minutes. Only you and the internet and a sound system. Listen to the song *Temple of Love* and set it on loop. You can use the QR-Code and play the song on your smartphone while you read the story on your Web browser or inworld in the Metaverse. When you get the instruction to re-toggle and to embrace the enigma, then stop reading and watch, if you have not done already, the video of *Temple of Love* by Lara of Bosnia.

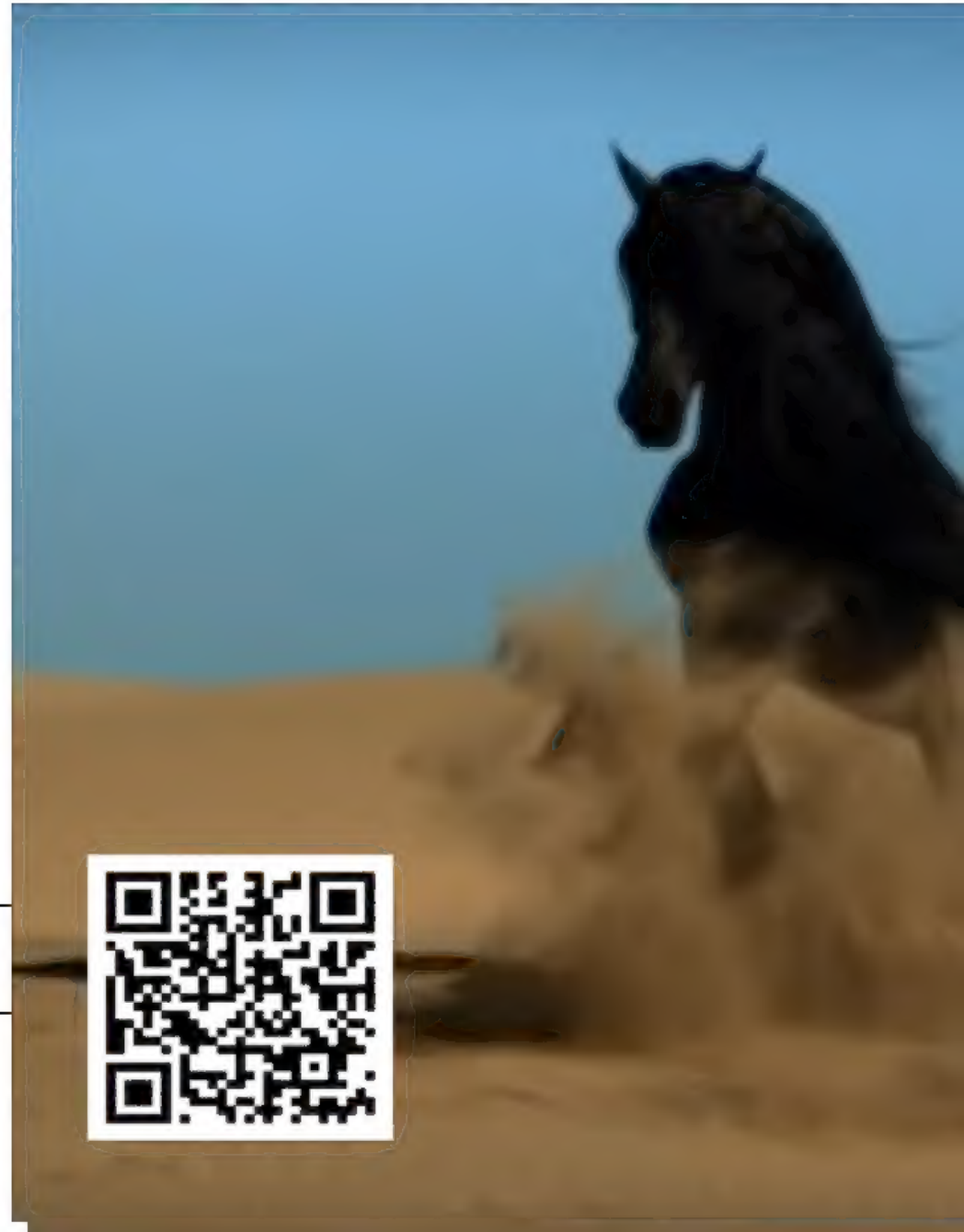
Now you are ready and I can begin ...

“The Catalogue shall be an Enigma where electric horses remember damage.” The curator said with the artificial voice of Zermann and the dome was raining *Temple of Love*.

<https://youtu.be/7gQ-R8rP-1k>

The voice of Zermann is an enigma on its own. Everyone seems to hear his voice differently. Surely, he is a voice artist, every annuntiator is one. How else could their voice fill the temple of Apollo, the Coliseum in Rome or the Imaginarum in Cool-kid town? For me, Zermann’s voice sounds well fitting for a Grand opening of the museum, but I know people who came just to hear his voice. A lady standing next to me whispers to her neighbour, “It’s

been so long since I heard his voice. It was when he introduced Ofra Haza singing the *Love Song* to holographic paintings by Egon Tschirch.” I flap this convo in my pad to find the link in the archive. There are some upcoming. I go for the oldest one. A machinima by



WizardOz Chrome. I will share it with you for later.

<https://youtu.be/wjuDj5zDNMI>

Let us stay with Temple of Love. Re-toggle if my advice came too late.



Hear, see and embrace the enigma where you will find meaning.

<https://youtu.be/7gQ-R8rP-1k>

Zermann is waiting until the nano-fibres have been established in



everybody attending the show, then he goes on. "Today we came together to find an understanding of the hidden message that David Bowie sent to the world when the installation had its closing event in the year 2022." I take the anti-dot that will prevent the fibres

from infiltrating my cortex and blurring my mind. I shall not feel damage. I shall report what is happening.

A horse emanates from a barrel. "Electric horses remember damage." The voice of the annuntiator and the pictures of Lara of Bosnia are trying to suck me in. I would remember damage; however, I have to report. I have a duty. I carry damage. A damage on my own. I am a time traveler. Everyone, even the ones not having a clue about art, understand the paint of an electric horse. The upper body of the horse sticks out of the barrel. The lower parts are inside, the view of them is hidden under a liquid that looks like a reflexion of oscillating water. Maybe the barrel is filled with mercury. There was a time when horses weren't electric.

How to explain pictures to a dead horse? -- A paint performed by Art Blue in 2018. I am a historian and you will find my name Philip Pearson easily. It was the beginning of Meta. The time where words changed in meaning, when Google decided that AI systems shall seek to decipher what humans do. The terms first meaningful paint and contentful paint on canvas have been born. For the first time, a horse was electric. Art Blue spoke with the horse, the dead horse. It was not a story created as a piece of science

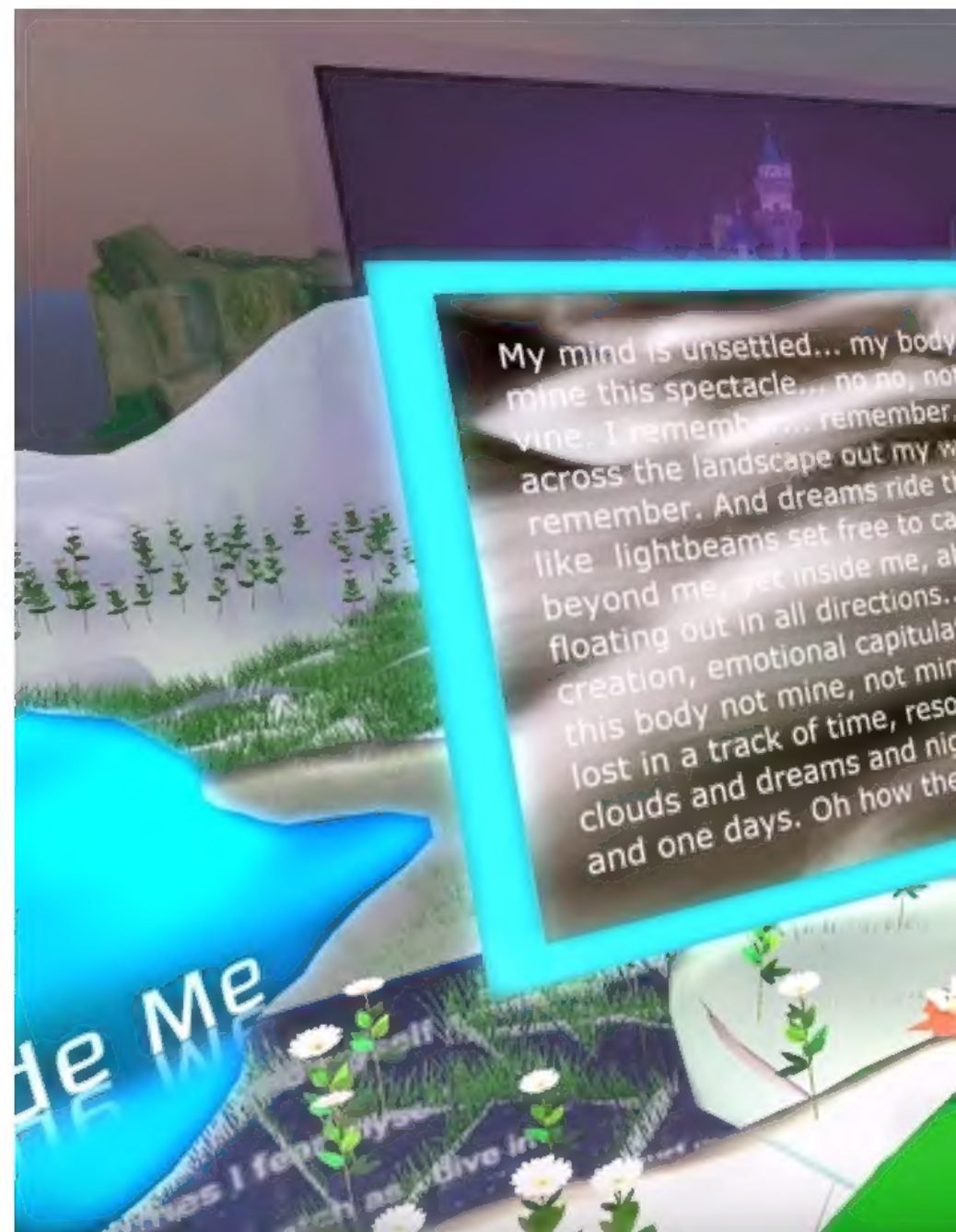


fiction. When reading Denis Taylor's *We Are Legion*, you don't take it seriously when Bob's head is turned to an AI after being dead for 117 years. They cut the head off and conserved it. Then they re-brained him as a code in a server. Bob became an AI. He multiplied and *We are Legion* was the result. This was not done with the horse. The horse stays native electric. It was never different.

## Guardian Sponsor

The focus light turns to the Guardian Sponsor. A person baked on mesh is being put together. I can see such things. I can slow time down. I see how the body rezzes, step by step. What parts come first, what next. I see the deformation, the reverse process in slow motion. At times of *Jelly Dolls*, the render engine dealt differently with avatar complexity. It was a colour overlay, a shadow picture. Now engines are so fast that you don't notice when the entity inside unfolds, but I do when running on motion capture. The Guardian Sponsor is looking like Wladimir Harkonnen, the Siridar-Baron who needs daily infusions and skin replacements to be kept alive. Lifters trigger an auto-hover height to compensate the heavy body mass, else the feet would be stuck in the floor. Then sliders form the body to an hourglass shape, surely a custom-made shape by one of the most

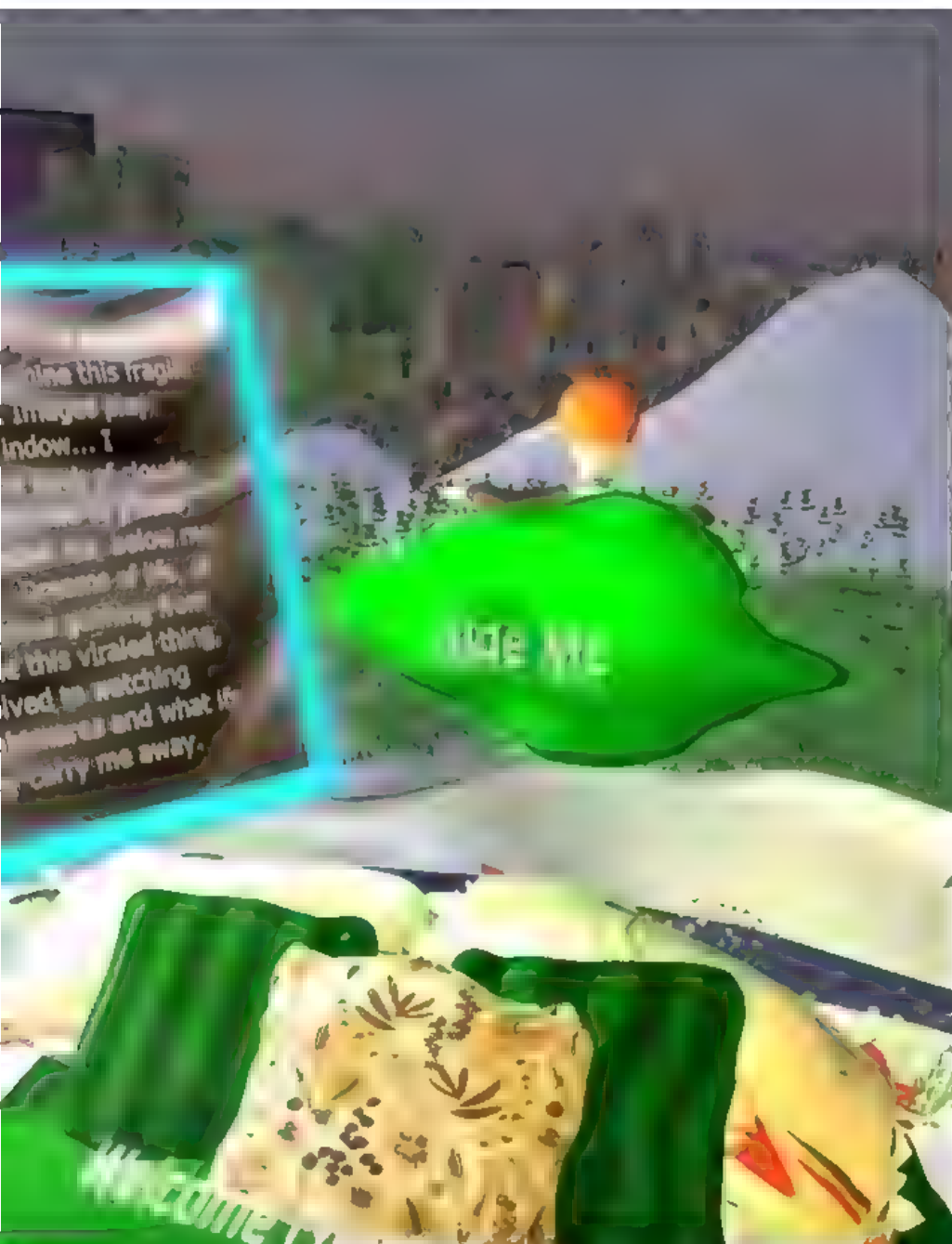
expensive shape artists. Hair, shoes and endorsements of trust are added and clothes are layered on beds of alpha. I hear gasps of surprises. The beauty of the Guardian Sponsor is speechless.



I notice her beauty is also timeless. She runs on code of *Cyberphoria*. Everyone can have a dream body but she looks beyond dreams. I notice her appearance with a professional distance. Her shape is the result of a Leonardo spline that reads the reception transponder from the person



looking at her. I wonder where they got the technology from. She turns her head, then she performs a gesture which I notice as the cosmocrator sign, one of the most intriguing iconographical symbols, and says with an Irish voice, “My mind is unsettled.



My body not mine. Not mine, this spectacle. No, No. Not mine, this fragile vine.” Some lines of historic art can’t be missed. More words are being said before the sublimals crawl in the watching crowd. I know the source, of course. I am a historian. They have been spoken in *From My Bed I Dream*

*of Life.*

<https://youtu.be/jZMPjX3ExbE>

Art creates belief in a product. We know it. What could better fit than SecondHand Tutti when she had to face SARS-CoV-2? The Guardian Sponsor presents the new eye lasher, “Ameno.” It must cost the company she is working for a fortune to get rain. In each drop is the substance. Ameno is a substance to seduce men. Another subliminal will be sent after the show to them, to the ones who will order the controller to target Ameno.

<https://youtu.be/RkZkekS8NQQU>

Then Zermann resumes. “These are the words that made the Dead Horse understand Art. We celebrate the anniversary.” And the audience mumbles, “I remember damage.” I look around if I am the only one using a code interceptor. I hurry to mumble “I remember damage” so I would be not deciphered that I am not in the show, that I just watch it and I listen to Zermann’s speech. Zermann’s voice gets louder.

“This here is God” and he points to the horse that is half in the barrel. “That’s a fact. A thing of fact.” Then Zermann pauses to give the audience time to digest that these words are taken from *Exact Thinking in Demented Times*. A



reference to Wittgenstein. Finally, he goes on, making pauses after each line. "The Dead Horse does not react. ... I check the energizer. ... The horse is fully loaded." Then Zermann takes an elder wand in hand. His voice changes slightly and a German accent is being noticed. He plays Art Blue. "I look up. The Dead Horse plays dead." I notice a breeze. Instantly I move my head. A bird flew close to me. It is an owl. Once more I reduce speed. Everyone feels the breeze. It seems like everyone experienced the effect of the passing owl. The owl lands on a pole, shuffles its wings and then speaks with a cracking voice: "Dead men don't wear plaid."

Zermann points with the elder wand to the owl and says, "That must be a code." In this moment the visual outlet of the audience changes. They turn to new characters. I see Ingrid Bergman, Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Brian Donlevy, Kirk Douglas, Ava Gardner, Cary Grant, Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Burt Lancaster, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Edmond O'Brien, Vincent Price, Barbara Stanwyck and Lana Turner. They all materialize as they did in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*. I turn pale. That is not a historic replay. They made the old paint real. Words of Art become Life, real life. No one notices that I am not changing. But why? Why no one

screams and no one points at me? I look down at myself. I look in a mirror. There are many of them around. The room is a circle and behind each chair is a mirror. It is a replica of the room where the Vienna Circle of 1928 met. I am Charles Laughton a character from *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*. No



longer do I look like the Philip Pearson I was sent by the director. Was it Grace, Simon or Ellis who have seen this all coming? I have to thank them when I am back. Never heard of any of them? Maybe you heard of Simon 004, one of the first travelers. His mission



was to set up our communication infrastructure, but he was taken into a mental health facility, being diagnosed with schizophrenia. No one believes him - that he came from a different time. You see why I have to be so careful.



“Is there any Believer out there?” Zermann calls and Pink Floyd, “The Wall” is played. He takes the Elder Wand and says, “Dead Horse show life or I will not explain the pictures to you.” I see the horse moves an ear, “LIFE” I cry, “The Dead Horse shows

life.” I fall on my knees. I hear voices mumble, “Charles Laughton on his knees.” Zermann goes on as if nothing has happened, “God has heard his cries, his begging.” I faint. I see myself rezzed in the middle of the Vienna Circle of 1928. “LIFE, TIME, SPACE” tears run over my face.

I must verify. My thoughts oscillate, “The play. The play. It is a paint. There are no plays any longer. It must be a paint.” I remember how this play was announced at a time before Meta changed the world. The Vienna Circle of Exact Thinking in a Demented World. That was the announcement in the year 2018. I shake head. The pill I took has a tune-in time and side effects shall fade fast. I focus back on what happens. The dome is still raining *Temple of Love*. I made it. My vital signs are back to normal. I mumble, “I remember damage.”

<https://youtu.be/7gQ-R8rP-1k>

Later when I am back to report I will say, “My trip was an enigma where electric horses remember damage.”

## The Paint

“Remember damage” were the words I heard when I came to the Grand Opening of the retrospective of Amerika Art in THE PAINT. PAINT is the Museum of Meaning. For some



time, it was called Modern Meta. It was funded by activists as MoMe. When MoMe showed the exhibit, Frozen Meta, a lawsuit was launched against it. A piece of NFT art inside was created by Hashmask 15753, which is in theory not possible as Hashmask 15753 set himself on public domain, but that's the theory. The costs of a lawsuit, that is the practice. Luckily, the closing of the museum could be averted by the SR Hadden Foundation. They paid the lawyers. As a consequence, a new name has to be found. It should carry an outstanding meaning that is unique and timeless. It has to be a first meaningful paint, right? PAINT became the new name. The domain PAINT.MUSEUM was acquired. It might be impossible for you to follow all my words and understand everything as you cannot google forward and you don't have a time simulator at hand where you calculate the possibilities for what I tell you, but if you try hard, you will find some facts that fit my story.

I was sent by the director as Traveler 3326. He instructed me to give you slices of content so you can prevent the future from happening the bad way. He said, "Words I publish will be copied in the archives and on round seven or eight, meaning will rise up." I checked what magazines are copied to the internet archive and are also published in the Metaverse. So, I am here in rez.

The director said, "The understanding of complexity exceeds the human brain. TMI is the worst thing for them." I shall write in an entertaining way and use the immersion level I will find. He also said, "Be absurd, use absurdity so you will pass the filters." He meant Art. I know it now. Let us try once more the Enigma experience in the compilation by Lara of Bosnia. Try to paint the effects. You can't? Loop *Temple of Love* and keep the loop running. Still not able to paint the message of this artist? It might be that you read the story too early. You can't see that the horses in *Temple of Love* are electric? I know you can't see the fact. You use a flat screen. How can there be a horse inside that is electric? I can see the horse. I see its wireframe and the skin on it. I see the body animations running. I am connected with the director. The director is an AI. I see their faces, I read their minds. I see horses. I see with his eyes. The audience in THE PAINT did not understand, but they enjoyed their non-understanding as Art. Horses will be electric and they will dream of their former life. That humans will be electric is irrelevant, as they will not know. They will be in servers and they will create horses, horses to play with. That's the loop for, to play.

I remember damage. That is a first meaningful paint. Remember Damage, a theatrical play based on Waiting for



Godot, but played in a different time. I was in the play. Now I am the play. After waiting and waiting, nothing happens beyond waiting. My code got more and more advanced. A neuronal network was created to deal with the complexity of understanding waiting. This way I learned to know the future. When the triple World theory was established, the short-cut W3 was set in. No country shall do actions that

only three things you need to do to: ring the bell, read the scroll and light the candle.” You live, you game, you wake. When you light the candle then you are there in the middle of I Remember Damage.

In the play and we know the modern word for an immersive installation is a paint, step by step words by Godot turn to the absurd. It begins harmless with

“Then the circus burns. The museum of mankind is no longer. Does it mean the servers will not hold, on longer run? What happened with round eleven?”

push others back. Some countries went green, but their Waste was exported. Water was for the rich ones. War was the result. WWW was the call. Water, Waste & War. Extinction Global mobilized The Last Generation. Saturday for Future called it World Wide Waiting. The call of The Wakers was also going by WWW, but they put technology inside the W3 and created the Afterlife for everyone. Their mission: “Great things are waking in this world, and it has stirred a mission in you. It's time to wake the giant spirits. As all initiates know, there's

an epilogue from Station Eleven: “I remember damage. And escape. Then adrift in a stranger's galaxy for a long time. But I'm safe now. I found it again. My home.”

I was sent by the director to watch the Premiere. It was the first play under the new name of the museum, THE PAINT. No wonder that it became the first. The series “I remember damage” was not real. It was absurd. They did not make it as the last ones on earth. They have been simulated and played wandering actors in a circus. They



travelled in a circle-like roadmap playing Shakespeare at every stop. Their travel route was never ending. There was a museum of mankind a bit far off the route that they shall not visit. "I remember damage." This engraving was put in their brain. It should prevent them from going there. Waiting and walking in a circle is quite close and nearly the same code sequence in a simulator.

Now I watch the play and wait for the most famous line to come: "If by wait I had meant Wait I would have said Wait, and not wait." What does this line say? How it connects to the one in *Waiting for Godot* is obvious. "If by Godot I had meant God I would have said God, and not Godot." God meets Go-dot. For this you don't need to be a drama critic. It is sufficient to understand that the world is digital. Go-dot has risen, made up its way as Godot to the Metaverse. We say Godot and mean the multi-purpose game engine that runs under MIT open licence. I know members of the trans community nod and want now to hear Hardcoded. I will do them a favour and quote some lines from the overall positive reception of the game, that is coded in Godot. I copy lines taken from Wikipedia: "Hardcoded has been generally well received, with reviewers from the trans community especially praising the game's inclusive writing. Rock, Paper, Shotgun's Astrid Johnson

found the game to be "liberating in its portrayal of trans sexuality" and praised its writing."

Now we know for what Godot stands. But for what stands Wait? Setting up the stage, performing, taking the stage



down, travel to the next place, setting up the stage again, performing, speaking of the changes that to prevent the play is made for, taking the stage down, travel to the next place. "I have a job to do. I have found you nine times before, maybe ten. And I'll find

you again until the last time I always do. I find you because I know you, and I know you because we are the same. You will know your endpoint when you reach it.” These are the words describing “Wait” in “I remember damage.”

day the Circus of Heaven came to town. Local folks lined the streets in a Midwestern town. Waiting anxiously for the parade to begin all round. On the very last day.”

<https://youtu.be/L14ptrujf7w>



Does anyone see that the climate change is a round trip in a play until the climate jump happens and the museum for mankind burns? Everyone loves when the circus comes. Nine times, Ten times. The words of *Circus of Heaven* come up in my mind: “The

Then the circus burns. The museum of mankind is no longer. Does it mean the servers will not hold, no longer run? What happened with round eleven? Did the AMS Elastic Beanstalk Antarctica cloud center break down? Don’t be surprised if my answer is yes. Of course, you know The Antarctic Treaty of 1959 that no country shall own this continent. But data storage for the cloud falls into the gray zone of permitted “scientific research and cooperation.” No wonder Amazon and Microsoft ran their critical infrastructure there before their circuses named AMS and Azure burned. Elon Musk knew it, he went to Mars, but *rez Magazine* did not make the lift. At least that is what I heard. But wait. Godot has more to offer in the play. There are words already published. I will jump a bit back. I can do such things. Life for me is not linear forward when the director has put me in a vessel.

### Waiting for Waiting

Godot is waiting for waiting. “I wait to wait.” Waiting is acting. Language



does crazy things to the mind. They say they don't wait, but fact is they wait nevertheless. I know climate change can't be stopped by waiting. You know it, but you wait. Others wait and say they act. They do act, because they wait. This needs an example. They say the North Sea will become a giant wind park in 2030 for making green hydrogen. That is how many years from now? It does not matter; let's say seven years, as it is meant as an example. Five years later they say, "We will do a jump in technology and go to Solar Fusion Energy as the amount of hydrogen by wind-power will be, due to new calculations, insufficient." People thought that green hydrogen was coming so why reduce consumption? The construction of the wind park has not started on full scale as finally the WERK protection movement stopped it all. Their slogan, "The White-tailed Eagles and Red Kites will thank us" was roaring in the servers, like it would have been Mondrian Cheers Day. Arguments that 100 times more birds are killed by window screens they can't see than by rotors did not count. Then Solar Fusion Energy did not work, one reactor exploded, and there we are again. Some knew it from the beginning. Art Blue pointed out that first you have to kill Xenos. They did not take his advice seriously. His owl is scanning the data universe all the time and so he might have found that a user named

FuzzyCollie2000 posted: "I've made it to the point in the story where you have to fill the "Solar Fusion Energy" bar, and I'm really confused as to how you do that. Do you have to kill Xenos? Does it simply fill up over time? I've also noticed that when you load a save your progress for the Solar Fusion Energy bar is reset. Is this a bug?" A bug causes a wait, right? And here we are again.

"I wait, therefore I am." That's not Descartes and also not Godot. It is Enver Krivac in *Waiting Room*: "I am here, I exist, I'm waiting. I wait, therefore I am." You can find the phrase also in *The End of Meaning: Studies in Catastrophe* by Matthew Gumpert.

I know when this article will be published. "No more waiting for me," I said. I must write history. My words shall be remembered. I asked the director to jump into the middle of the year 2022. There is war, one of an epic dimension. I, being a historian, know this. Billions of dollars are spent, millions of homes destroyed, megatons of war material are used. Did you know that a tank of the type Flakpanzer Gepard, which the Ukrainians are asking to get for air defence, fires 1,100 bullets per minute? The cost to buy a single bullet is over \$4,000. I know it because Greece ordered 12,000 bullets and paid 52

Million Euro for the ammunition. Have you seen the pictures of the destructions, the destroyed buildings in Kharkiv? What do you think is such a doing for the environmental fingerprint? Now LNG terminals for liquid gas are built and the price for oil and gas explodes. Mega-Freighters are used to transport frozen energy all over around the globe because pipelines have been cut off. The Hydraulic fracturing (in short, fracking) was dead but now booms again. You don't need to be a scientist to know that in some years India will have a temperature where the human blood is boiling. No need to play smart. Boiling is not

"Humans must prioritise the colonisation of Mars so the species can be conserved in the event of a third world war." Solution Two is the electric way. That is the Bainbridge way, but the credit goes to many. Same goes for the Elon Musk way, but where the money is, there is the glory. At the end there will be only one solution. The combination of solution one and two. That is what Remember Damage is about. To question it. You don't see the damage, but you feel it, round by round. It is crawling slowly. Do you remember my quote? "I have a job to do. I have found you nine times before, maybe ten."

*"Waiting for Godot takes its density from emptiness, from the void, from the waiting. Climate change is the same way."*

literally meant. I know the human blood does not boil at 55 degree Celsius, but the person feels like boiling and dies.

Many beyond me know such facts, but only a few are working on products for global solutions. They don't wait. Let me pick up two that are known and are of relevance from my view as a traveler. Leaving Earth. That is the Elon Musk way. In 2018 he said,

*Waiting for Godot takes its density from emptiness, from the void, from the waiting. Climate change is the same way. Waiting and waiting and waiting but feeling the jump is close. A point of no return is a slow thing. Suddenly it's over. The circus burns, then the language changes from change to jump. After waiting comes running. A run to the last "good places." There are not enough for all of them. No flights are offered which the masses*



can afford. No travel routes to Norway or the Falklands. There will be no chance to book a trip on one of the fine Kysttruten, better known as Hurtigruten, and step from onboard to stay there in the good climate, the one with fresh cold water. In Remember Damage, there are more words used the *Waiting for Godot* way. "Was I in the game, while the others suffered? Am I in the game now? Tomorrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today?" They did not understand, they played the play.

All such thoughts are in my mind when I try to tell what the director instructed me, that you shall join the Relay, the Relay of Art. Art is the only way for expressing thoughts that have an effect in their absurdity. You take them, accept them and you can talk about them without being boxed in left, right, green, black or red. Blue Lives Matter, right? And when Blue is taken, go for Yellow, go for Red. Don't wait. Go for the right side. You understand? Right is right, not right. When I was about to send you a visual message, the Temple of Love turns red and the rain stops. I am back in the play. Wait for Me has to wait. All I can do is to give you the link for later.

<https://youtu.be/X5dBdlZTvRY>

I hear a bell. The intermission in the play lets my thoughts drift. I forgot to

eat and drink. I was too busy to write on my pad. Hopefully no one will get second thoughts that I, Charles Laughton, took nothing from the buffet. The sound of a bell is the old signal that the break is over and the paint will resume.

## Omikron

Zermann waits until everyone is this time seated and then goes on and says, "There was a time where there was war, the time of Omikron. Omikron is good. It has a resurrection engine in it. It is a game. David Bowie is in it. How can it not be a good game then? These words have been stated in Amerika Art, have been seen as cryptic, but now we know it is about the man who fell to earth. Let us give him word *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. Let us look inside Amerika Art where he is to be found in The Wallfish."

My mind runs back to the year 1999 when Omikron was created. Is there duplicity in naming a sign of nature or a glitch in the simulator? We know 20 years later, Omikron is no longer a game where David Bowie is inside, it is a virus. Digitally designed to extinguish humans? Created far before Covid was on the table to show that nature will fight back, that a virus does not care about colours? Omikron is fair, right? No matter if you are rich or black, small or tall, the code is random,



acts unpredictable and treats everyone the same. In *Remember Damage*, some lines of *Godot* have been mirrored. Instead of “We should turn resolutely towards Nature.” It is said, “We should turn resolutely towards going electric.” And you hear the bombs on Mariupol falling and the steel chambers bursting and a frog croaking.

I remember the frog well. You can say surreality at its finest but there is horror in it. The temperature changes slowly. The frog is being asked. “Are you fine?” The frog is fine. When the frog no longer speaks, then signalling comes as the new invention. The frog signals to be fine. “We got life signals. The frog is fine.” Then suddenly a mystery happens. The frog does not signal any longer. “Bring the frog’s brain into the server. The frog will not notice. The frog shall be fine.” The frog was slowly boiled in a pot of water. The frog could have jumped, but waited. And all the time *Temple of Love* runs.

At the end of the play, the only correct quote taken from *Waiting for Godot* is aired when the question “When?” has finally to be answered. “When! One day, is that not enough for you, one day he went dumb, one day I went blind, one day we’ll go deaf, one day we were born, one day we shall die, the same day, the same second, is that not enough for you?”

It was horrible. Seeing the frog dying and the Enigma raining drops of love. Remember Damage. You may ask and wonder: “What has this to do with David Bowie?”

Yeah, I have learned how to write from the best. That leads to Art Blue. He will take over for the second part of the story to be published next month. Until this, you may read the original drama (sorry, paint).

<http://deadhorse.art.blue> or

<https://blueartblue.wordpress.com/dead-horse/>

I am a bit confused about what time I am in right now. I have to ask David Bowie. He stands next to me.

· r — e — z ·





some

# Family Field Day

Ben Avery Rifle Range,  
where outside Phoenix, 2011



Jullianna Juliesse



When I hated something,  
I always resolved to try it.  
Pickled beets, liver and onions, or guns.  
Just to be sure.

My in-laws loaded up the Black Mercedes SUV,  
preparations for a grand day trip.

*Come on, get those ammo bags, Johnny,  
Move along with those guns, solider!  
Don't forget the cooler!  
Hustle up, hustle up.*

Johnny was 12 at the time, and  
I think that baggage cost more  
than the tattered red luggage we brought to Phoenix,  
a month's worth of groceries,  
and the mortgage combined.

In the desert,  
I was greeted by a tiny man with microcephaly  
curled against a cracked cement wall.

*You ain't from around here, are ya little lady?*

There was a Glock, small and cold.  
My former brother-in-law placed it,  
and the rifle, and the AK-15, and two shotguns  
onto a chipped wooden table,  
the ammo lined up in tidy icy piles.

There were twelve stalls in all,  
facing into circus targets in the desert.  
Except this wasn't carnival whack-a-Mole, or X-Box.  
Whole families gathered, like a day at the bowling alley.

When I fired the handgun, I recoiled  
from the shell casing popping hot on my cheek,  
then spent the remainder of the afternoon  
leaning against the wall, sat on the warm concrete,  
watching my child play real-life video games  
while I read a battered paperback Plath,  
near the silent small-headed man.



# A Puppet's Tail (Part Eight)



“Off With H

ht)

# Annie Mesmeriser



er Head!"



Paul Osborne had rented new studio space on Cedar Springs in the Oak Lawn area of Dallas in order to build all the puppets and magic boxes he was designing and selling. It had storefront windows with one giant round bubble window by the front door that spilled out onto a busy sidewalk. The entire interior was open, well-lighted with large wooden work tables and a smooth cement floor. At the time, we were building a half-dozen full body-puppet eagles for Busch Gardens in Florida. Imagine walking around in an eagle puppet on a busy street in Dallas with all sorts of gawkers peering in the open front door wondering what was going on in there.

Again, these weren't the typical high school mascot sort of costumes that Hardy used to refer to as "a big head and pajamas." These eagle bodies were formed with flat strips of aluminum bent into a large round body shape with straps inside to ride on the puppeteer's shoulders. They were first covered in a thick stiff foam, then with a long fur-like fabric which our chief artist, Wendell, trimmed into feather shapes with scissors. And of course, the huge heads were feathered in white while yellow stocking legs emerged from the bottom with large foam feet. Other projects included a nearby marine park where we created characters for an underwater puppet

show in a theater with a large sheet of thick glass thirty feet wide and twenty feet tall separating puppets and audience. I created my first puppet, a burp-jellyfish, from two hemispheres of clear plastic about 18 inches in diameter, now covered in pink puppet hair and two large clear bubbles for eyes with marbles rolling around inside. It would be held, mounted on a clear plexiglass pole with a trigger that would open the mouth and release a giant air bubble with the top of the head flopping over backwards. I was not there to witness what was described as a "glorious failure" in that, it worked once and was hysterical to watch only, afterwards it took on the appearance of a drowned cat, never to burp again. So much for my brief career as underwater puppet designer.

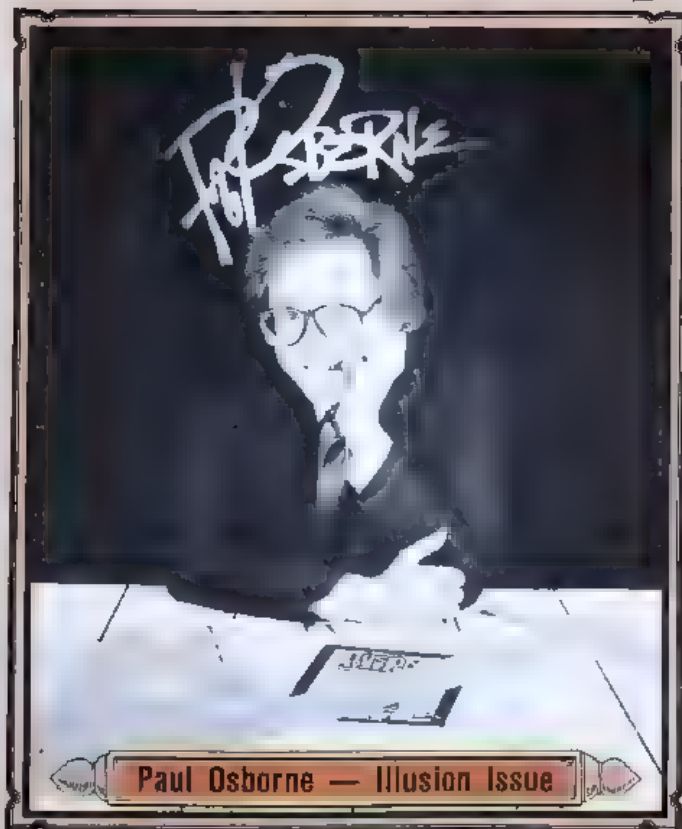
Magic boxes were also being created at the Cedar Springs storefront. These were the start of Paul's second career after all the success he had already achieved by age 26 as magician, TV host for the Bozo show, starting a puppet company that grew into a \$7 million business, and now he was eyeing the market for professional magic props. Most were designed to be operated with the always present pretty assistant, the "damsel-in-distress" boxes. Paul had become an expert at angles and mirrors and secret doors and even the illusion caused by how the boxes were painted. At some point,





# GEMLI

THE INTERNATIONAL CONJURORS' MAGAZINE



Volume 48, Number 8  
August, 1984

\$2.00 n.s.  
\$3.00 Outside U.S.

Paul's natural suspicions kicked in and he must have realized all his secrets were on full display at our storefront factory. We soon moved to the Dallas warehouse district on Irving Blvd with a completely non-descript front, not even a sign that denoted it was Paul Osborne & Assoc., just the street number. While we didn't have the fun of entertaining passers-by, we also did not have the distractions either. For once, I thought I had bit off more than I could chew. The work required to make these carts function for Paul's Electric Light Brigade Parade was immense, even if I knew what I was doing. I did manage to coordinate with our seamstress to make several black

denim vests containing individual pockets all around to hold all the rechargeable batteries required to light up the small DC lights on the costumes. This vest was a slim solution to providing power for all the personal costume lighting. You simply wore the vest and plugged it in. What could go wrong? Fortunately, I would never find out.

My days with Paul Osborne and all his associates were coming to an end. I was working twelve hours a day and the pile of work would only diminish a little. During this same time, Wendell, who had worked for Paul since his Bozo Show days as his chief artist, was summarily fired one day, but he seemed more relieved than upset he was leaving. I could see why. He was a true artist and I had seen many of his paintings, mostly landscapes but stunning in color and texture. And he was a serious person who often carried the weight of the world on his shoulders, and now he seemed content to disengage from a circus world. I was puzzled... how could Paul so easily dismiss someone who had been so loyal and integral to his success? But then, any relationship with Paul was always tenuous, measured by degrees in your worth to him at that moment. But I knew Wendell had a cabin retreat in the mountains close to Ruidoso, NM and I could imagine him living in paradise alone, paintbrush in hand. A



recently hired artist was also let go, but in her case I understood. Paul turned her loose with a load of modeling clay to smear over styrofoam blocks to shape into a clown head for a body puppet. And she proceeded to create this beautiful head out of clay which would have been impossible to use. It was barely bigger than a human head and because of all the small detail she put into it, could not be reproduced en masse anyway so, a complete waste of time. Paul just sorta said, "Thanks and here's your last paycheck." Meanwhile, with all this activity, I'd look over and Nicki had hung a rope in the dock area and was swinging around the truck bay. I wondered what his worth was today.

A few days after Wendell left, I became overwhelmed with my workload, still working 12 hour days, only this day I had a deadline to meet on one of the Light Brigade carts for Six Flags. I lost track of the time and next thing I knew it was 6am! I had worked from 10am the previous day, so I finished with 18 hours for that period, but managed to complete the cart, slightly redesigned by a realist, mainly me! Instead of the bubble Paul drew but wouldn't pay for, I had the carpenter make the top into a cylinder with a round piece on top, then I formed a translucent flexible plastic sheet into a cylinder around the four posts supporting the top. I found a



color-organ at Radio Shack and rewired it to operate three small flood lights on the inside in red, blue, and yellow. By dangling odd geometric shapes and designs from fishing line stapled to the top piece, the effect was several projected colored shapes on the opaque walls that would change constantly. Add that to the colors generated by the electronics that were changing with the music and it seemed to work out rather well.

The Rotoriculous was a bit more problematic with brightly-colored ping-pong balls being blown around in a clear cylinder with a fan from underneath keeping them moving, a problem I was still grappling with. I



designed these carts to be powered by bus batteries but I was having problems with the supplier getting what I needed ordered and delivered in time. Earlier that week, Hardy gave me a pep talk, telling me I needed to learn to assert myself to get things done so, I went back to the battery place and made my displeasure known with an acerbic profanity-laced tongue-lashing that was not very well received for some reason. Needless to say, the rather large batteries would not fit where they suggested I could stuff 'em. I went back to the warehouse, tail between my legs to explain to Hardy what had happened. He laughed out loud and said, "I didn't tell you to threaten them!" Oh well... live and learn!

I had planned on getting a couple of hours of sleep before going to the 10 o'clock meeting that morning but, yup, I overslept, dead to the world for six hours and by the time I got to work, I was three hours late. Paul was very polite, reminding me of the one rule at POA and that was never be late for the 10 o'clock meeting. My cardinal sin was the end of my puppet career which had spanned about 12 months and ended with my turning in a timecard for 72 hours that week and it was only Thursday. I was grinning as I cleaned out my desk and left piles of projects everywhere, knowing that no one else did electrical work so, I always

wondered what happened after that. Did the batteries stay charged long enough in the vests I made to last the entire parade? Did the electronics I installed in those carts continue to operate? How big a pain was it to recharge all those batteries at night? Inquiring minds wanna know! But I, like Wendell before me, had a certain amount of relief from all the same pressure that Paul absorbed then equally redistributed every day of his life.

Looking back, I had no regrets. I had played my role to the max, had a hilariously good time in the process, and even though it was only a year, the memories have lasted a lifetime..... tequila sunrises on the beach while crabbing, scouring A1A for the perfect Brandy Alexander, showing a group of autistic kids how puppets work up close (for which I was also reprimanded), for learning how to operate all the different types of puppets, for my first experience with this thing called a computer, for my glorious summer with Sunday and CT including our mutual birthday romp in St. Augustine, to having the opportunity to allow myself to be a different character every day with a whole new crowd of people, spending an entire summer in an amusement park, hanging out with incredibly talented creative people, and not least of all, to say I had worked for The

Head Bozo.....

Life comes full circle. I now live about a two hour drive from a lovely Swiss chalet town built in a valley in Arkansas, called Eureka Springs, named after the healing waters there. Driving down to the end of the main street there, stands an old railway station, recently revived for tourist tours thru the Ozarks. As I drive by, I look up and see an old but familiar small train engine mounted on railway ties next to the depot there. I stop to read the plaque and it explains that this was the train engine that first saw service at Marco Polo Park, and now it had moved to the Ozarks to haunt me. Meanwhile, I had wondered about Paul and Hardy but through the magic of Google and Wikipedia, I found that Paul had passed in 2016 and an obituary was posted on one of the popular on-line magic magazines. In the comments below, I saw where Hardy had posted remarks about two days before I ran across the same article. For his part, he was more enshrined by Wikipedia than Paul was, but not for all his amazing talent; rather, he became the symbol for a gay, leather-bound movement in the Dallas area which somehow seemed to explain to me Nicki's special status while I worked at POA. OK, maybe not but it still looked pretty suspicious! And of course, Paul had spent the rest of his adult life behind the scenes of



magic greats like David Copperfield. One of his own quoted remarks about his legacy was, "I will not be remembered until long after I'm dead!" alluding to the deep secretive nature of the business.

It had been 30 years since my puppet career had come to an abrupt halt when my elder son, then in high school, asked me if I would drive him to work if he got a job at Six Flags Over Texas for the season. I was thrilled and delighted that he too would choose a path less traveled.... but that's another tale.

• r — e — z •



# The Garden

a garden like a land has many owners  
the formal renter or owner  
being in all senses the possessor

these being any number of birds  
bugs worms spiders bats  
and a stout company of slug and snail

today's owner of the back garden  
is the tomcat  
scent marking anything he can reach

it was owned before by a fox  
and a monster bramble  
and sometimes truanting kids

before him were the dogs  
merlin and rags though technically  
they owned more than the garden

before them it was the notor  
Flash Harry  
the cheekiest hound dog in L

I trace the gardens lineage  
back to a Mr Fitch  
a humanitarian Victorian ge

before then its all landed ge  
right back to 1066  
when Harold came by fighti

he lost and not just his head  
he lost our garden  
and the entire country

as sworn to in the Doomsda  
in a Norman stained glass  
that says this is mine mine i



# by Klannex Northmead

ious  
Essex  
ntleman  
ntry  
ng Vikings  
y book  
s mine all mine





The White Ribbon



cat boccaccio



Carmen's hazelnut cake did not take first place at the bake-off, nor even second place, but that was not the strangest part.

She knew the secret ingredient (ginger) and she used fresh hazelnuts from the tree in Paul and Ruth's backyard; the batter was fluffy and light and the cake perfectly risen and golden tawny in colour. But the usual Hazelnut Cake won the contest yet again. It was allegedly a blind tasting so Carmen couldn't cry foul. The second best cake came from Cheryl-Ann something, who squealed like an orgasmic pig when her name was announced.

No, the strange thing was, shortly after she returned home and put the coffee on, she heard her beloved Uncle Matt and Auntie Thomasina knocking shyly at her back door.

She knew it was them before she saw them through the glass panes. Auntie as plump as ever, he with a stern angular face masking a tender heart; in the same homely clothes they'd worn when she last saw them, so long ago, in the church.

She asked if they would like some cake and coffee and they happily agreed, and sat at the kitchen table while Carmen sliced her hazelnut cake and poured hot coffee from the electric percolator on the counter.

Auntie Thomasina and Uncle Matt chatted about their dogs, and the

possibility of a thunderstorm, and about the potholes on the road leading to their home, which had lain abandoned for over twenty years.

Uncle Matt still had that exceptionally persistent cowlick in his hair, now grey, at the back of his head, only kept in place by some kind of hair shellac that Auntie Thomasina used to pick up at the pharmacy. He's too old to worry about cowlicks, she laughed.

In response, Uncle Matt took out a small blue velvet box and opened it to reveal an engagement ring, one small diamond in a setting of white gold. Would you do me the honour? he asked Thomasina.

They told Carmen who murdered them. It was their neighbour, Clement, who had been in a dispute with them over an easement. He was a nasty sort, they told Carmen. Was he still alive?

Carmen said she would definitely find out, and refilled their coffee cups.

This cake is delicious, said Uncle Matt. Is there ginger in it?

Perhaps you could bake our wedding cake? said Auntie Thomasina.

Her cake had only taken the white ribbon, but Carmen said: "I would be delighted."

They didn't hear her. They were gone.

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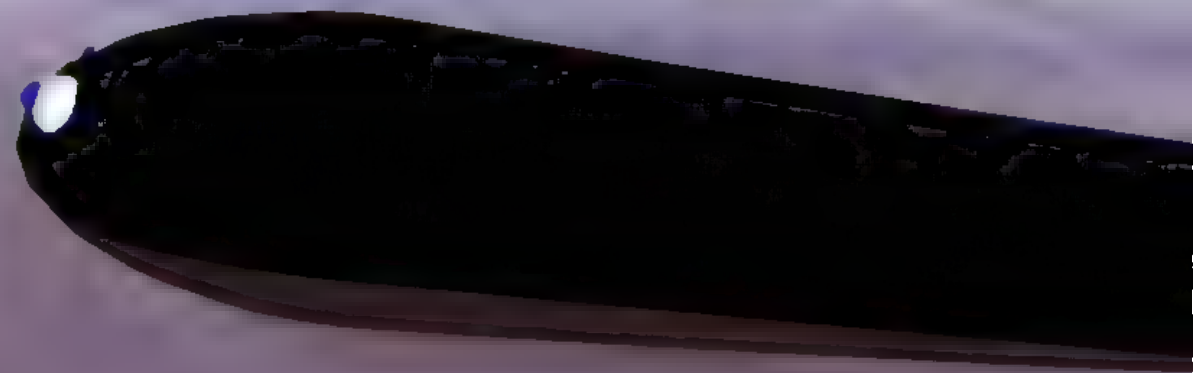
# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





# Worm Lives M

## art blue



"Every year, I dig my way to the  
spring and bite my way thro

# latter More

the Oktoberfest. I start in late  
ugh to be in Munich in time."



*"If we find ourselves with a desire that nothing in this world can satisfy, the most probable explanation is that we were made for another world." - C.S. Lewis*

I am Digger090x5 and I have to tell you that things must change. Since I reshaped, which is my constitutional right, I am being constantly mobbed. There is no day passing where I don't get the blame. "You caused this building to tilt, you caused that Moonkid49 to break his leg." I have given up answering that "Moonkid49 is a cow and a cow shall know where to step on or in." I have given up explaining the difference between a sh\*thole and a wormhole. I have given up. For me, it looks like I am responsible for all the bad things my ancestors did. Surely, they made the Tower of Pisa the way it is. And even if I would be a mole living in Italy, what then? The tourists come only because we did a damn funky good job.

Digging is fun. If no one is around I can secretly switch between a mole and a worm so I can drill everywhere. I made it from an art curator to one-of-a-kind digger. No more sun blockers needed to avoid a sunburn, no more buffets where you get only small bites to eat but your stomach stays empty. And my eyesight has increased, you won't believe. I can see blue. I call the

labyrinth I dig "Studies of Blue." My traces can't be overseen. Until today, I dug 297 passages to reality. You may call them wormholes. To find them you need Google. That's a digital gadget you need for the break-through. Enter the catchphrase: "I have always loved Japanese art and Ohara" – put the phrase in brackets and you will see all the hits link to Studies of Blue.

Once, it was at a time I was known as Blue, I was told that I am too often digging in the buffet. I shall take more care for the artists and do small talk. Can you believe? I worked my ass off and then the sponsor tells me I shall leave the party hungry. Now, hey as a digger, I make my burgers as I like them. I bite in the freshest leaves of iceberg lettuce you can imagine. I add tomatoes and spice them with slices of onions. I am a Bavarian digger. They are the strongest. They can take even horseradish on a burger. Every year, I dig my way to the Oktoberfest. There I find the best meat. It is a bit risky but I have an advanced sense of smell. I wait under the benches just an inch under the ground. When the party ends and the cleaners come, I break through and grab all that fell on the ground.

There are so many drunk who can't control their body any longer. The mixture when they vomit and the meat makes my buffet better than any luxury one I had in my former life, even the

one in THE PAINT. I eat and eat and eat. My fur got shiny from the good quality that I can afford. The surplus I sell. It is fresh! It is tasty! My advertisement is a boomer. They don't know reality. I worked up the digger line and now I am Digger Fresh. But today I got in trouble, in big trouble. I was about to offer Pulled Beef.

reshaped as a worm and in this hustle I forgot to load full body alpha so my skin was all black. Luckily, I had the right tag. "Look, I am number 004, a pioneer. Call the traveler. He will dig me out." Traveler 3326 came and said, "That's correct, that is Art Blue's Alt, a worm." Now I am completely ruined. The digger community calls me a fake

"I am a Bavarian digger. They are the strongest."

I put it in a freezer, slice after slice, ready to use. I set an enlarged best before date as the Beef is frozen. I care for hygiene and for the safety of my customers. Some constant sales on Marketplace shall allow me to survive over the winter months. I uploaded my Pulled Beef and pressed the vendor update function. I was waiting for the first sales ping when I heard an alert. The Meta police came. I shall show a licence! I was shocked. They blamed me for patent infringement. All Frozen Meta needs to be licenced! "Fu\*k, fu\*k," I said. You know what I said. I need to uncover. "This patent I own," I said. They laughed and pointed on me, "A digger?" I was full of meat, my fur dripping sweat from the hard work. I did not look like one holding a Meta patent. I reshaped, but I was in a hurry and pressed the wrong button. I

and in the art world I am a joke. I said to traveler 3326, "Can we swap roles until the storm is over? You can explore the underworld, the real world behind this all." I knew a historian does not like to write, a historian likes to observe, so I added, "I will take the burden from you to write for rez Magazine." He said, "But what is with my mission? I will be a worm, a black worm. Don't say Blue Lives Matter. This I know." I said, "You are not real, you are a code made by the director." I waited a bit, you know this is a strategic pause, before you nail the deal and then I said, "Worm Lives Matter More."

· r — e — z ·



She awakens in monochrome  
black and white, shades of gray  
A body that recollects her own  
beauty in colorful efflorescence  
fading on her diminishing frame.  
Remembrances of past lives  
are new stories  
recycled amusements of past selves.

Awareness, coming and going  
fades as she  
lays in one place  
pulling off her nightgown  
pulling out her oxygen  
diapers are an annoyance  
she just wants the dignity of  
using a toilet one more time

Two pairs of eyes  
lock onto each other's  
ocean blue depths  
frequent contact of skin against skin

fragile embraces with  
dwindling anatomy,  
eaten away by metast  
her silhouettes of cree  
onyx black night.

Struggling through su  
flirting with entropy,  
her anxious sensation  
Slipping into transiti  
her body decides  
whether it's worth it  
to fight for  
for one more breath

en

by Consuela

her

asizing demons

eping

uffocation

s subside.

on

# entropy

Hypatia Caldwell





# Zati Ko IN TH

Beneath Montrose Bo  
trees move  
in the vague cretaceo  
with me.

In Santa Barbara I wa  
walked,  
we both were walking

I can't walk there now  
giant  
crocodilians preyed, g  
universe,

I could move in two c  
But no.

Here, faces leaving th



daly

# E MONTROSE

boulevard, roots of fig

circle around Romeo's, a bar evolving  
into Juliet's.

ous, waking tonight,

I hear fricatives of rain. (Pretend, reader,  
I'm a botanist whispering *Ficus carica*.)

lked, Santa Barbara

g into the Pacific.

I'd like my internal organs back,  
nevertheless, the singer at Romeo's

v. But here, where

is wearing glitter, his voice a fountain,  
we drink it in one direction only,

given another

directions.

monsoons of music in the night-lit trade-  
wind clouds.

Young cymbidium, we raise our heads to  
dusty extinction.

ne Aquinas Institute



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